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cellence of the play. So let us be contented with what we have got, and not ask, in *Oliver Twistian* spirit, for "more."

The first act introduces all the more important characters of the play, and a most beautiful scene of English country life. In the distance the village church, in the foreground an English homestead with the barns and outhouses; here is the faithful watch-dog, there the farmer's horse quietly nibbles his repast of hay, the laborers are threshing out the grain in the barn, a pump (with real water) is beside the homestead door, pigeons are perched upon the roofs of the buildings, flowers are growing in the garden, and all breathes of the pure atmosphere of home and the country.

In the second act we have the objectionable prison scene. Here I lose all patience, so shall say nothing.

Acts third and fourth are devoted to the Australian episode of the story. The scene of the third act is not particularly noticeable, being the interior of a log hut, nicely painted, but nothing out of the common run. In the fourth act, however, is given one of the most intricate and excellently painted scenes that I have seen this long time. It is a rocky glen in Australia, with waterfall and rivulet by moonlight, changing gradually to darkness, daylight and bright sunshine, the whole thing is a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, and on the first night called forth long and continued applause.

The last act is not marked by any great display of scenic art, and merely serves to end the story, which by this time has become rather tangled. A new idea has struck me in dramatic criticism. The human race are in many things like sheep, and will, as a general thing, follow their leader; art critics in noticing pictures take them up one by one, according to their numbers in a catalogue, why should not this same rule be carried out with regard to actors? Inspired with this stupendous idea, I shall carry it out in criticising the characters in "Never too Late to Mend."

1. George Fielding—Mr. Frederic Robinson. One of the most enjoyable pieces of acting that Mr. Robinson has yet given us, quiet, sensible, and perfectly true to life throughout.

2. Isaac Levi—Mr. Jno. Gilbert. Why won't Mr. Gilbert play something badly? It is becoming almost monotonous to be constantly praising him, but he is so thoroughly excellent in every part that he undertakes that it is next to impossible to do otherwise.

3. Thomas Robinson—Mr. C. Fisher. Another one of Mr. Fisher's delicious pieces of character acting, good from beginning to end, even the dismal prison scene is rendered almost acceptable by the gentleman's excellent rendition of the erring but repentant thief.

4. Mr. Meadows—Mr. Mark Smith. Mr. Smith does not seem to have caught the true spirit of the part; a careful study of the novel would do him great good.

5. Josephs—Miss Mary Barrett. Truthfully, and as a natural consequence, painfully acted.

6. Hawes—Mr. Geo. Holland. Dear old Holland! His honest, jovial face does not seem at all at home in this disagreeable part, yet the true artist shines out in bright colors nevertheless.

7. Jacky—Mr. Young. Too prominent; when Mr. Young has toned down his boisterousness

and eccentricities a little the part will be most excellent.

8. Peter Crawley—Mr. Holston. By all odds the best piece of acting that Mr. Holston has yet given, he fully realizes the character as drawn by the master hand of Mr. Reade, the scene in the last act is particularly noticeable for its intensity and thrilling naturalness.

9. Mr. Eden—Mr. B. T. Ringgold. Mr. Ringgold is improving rapidly, and gives us here a quiet and natural picture of the good-hearted, energetic clergyman.

10. Susan Merton—Miss Henriques. A small part, but most sweetly and delicately rendered.

The other characters are, for the most part, well acted, and tend to make "Never too Late to Mend" one of the great successes of the season.

Through some inadvertence nearly half of the "Dramatic Review" for last week was omitted. It is needless for me to say that the public lost a great literary treat (!) Under the circumstances, I can but offer them the sincere commiseration of their humble and devoted servant and admirer.

SHUGGE.

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

(Continued from page 38.)

From the time, when Raphael died, the collection of artists' letters contains nothing from the hand of Michael Angelo. His first three letters bear the dates of 1496, 1504, and 1529; they embrace a long period of time, his youth, his first stay at Rome, and the tumults in Florence, after which he entered, a second time, in Rome, upon that period of his life, during which, reigning as sovereign in the realm of art, he issued work upon work up to the time of his death. From this epoch numerous letters are handed down; from it the most of his poems proceed, and in particular, for the most part, to these later years of his life belongs what has been preserved concerning him by his contemporaries.

The first letter, of July 2, 1496, announces his arrival in Rome. Born in 1474, he was now in his twenty second year; he had already, however, accomplished much. His whole life was a continuous battle against men and circumstances,—a battle which took its rise on his first entrance upon his career as artist. While yet a child at school, he passed all his leisure hours in drawing. No advice, no punishment, could divert him from this inclination. He overcame the opposition of his father, and at his fourteenth year took lessons from Domenico Ghirlandajo. His friendship with the young Granacci, who was learning painting at the same time, led him into the studio of this master. He made astonishing progress. An example of his style and manner has been preserved, showing how his aptitude, and at the same time, his character, were early displayed. One of his fellow-students had received one of Ghirlandajo's drapery-studies to copy. Michael Angelo took the sheet and improved with his own touches the drawing and the style of the teacher. Granacci preserved the drawing, and sent it afterwards to Vasari, who, sixteen years later, laid it again before Michael Angelo. The latter, laughing, recognized the work, and added, "At that time, I understood more of art than to-day."

This desire to try his skill upon work not his own, and to come into competition with others,

* From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.

often returned to him. It was a gratification to him, as it were, to try on all practicable occasions the extent of his ability,—a kind of haughty joy in the consciousness of power. When he felt that it was his right to be first, he was not willing to appear second. There is concealed in this striving an ebullition of professional emulation. It was based not simply upon the gratification of self-conscious superiority; he was determined that the public should acknowledge this superiority; he was determined that it should know that he understood more than all others. He demanded no vantage-ground; but he insisted upon justice. Schiller experienced something of this impulse when he so severely criticised Burger's and Matthison's poems and Goethe's *Egmont*. He dealt, in this, with the works in question, not with the persons, while Goethe, when in his youthful years he attacked Wieland, had the man, and only sub-ordinately his works, in view. Though Michael Angelo, however, was jealously regardful of his position, yet the thought was foreign to his soul that, to be great, others must be depreciated. He assisted many an artist in their labors; he made drawings for their pictures; he gave them good advice as to how they might improve. Had a greater artist than he appeared, had he been forced to confess in his inmost heart "This one is stronger than thou," he would not have waited a moment to give utterance to what he thought. How true this is, the anecdote which De Thou has preserved in his memoirs will illustrate. It shows that the pride of the great master was of another sort than that self-gratification which often distinguishes limited minds, and his modesty sprang from a clearer source than from that delusive self-depreciation of inferior natures, which strive to entice praise from the lips of those, in comparison with whom they find fault with themselves.

De Thou was visiting Mantua, where the Princess Isabelle D'Este displayed to him and others the art treasures of her palace, among them a Cupid, a work in marble, by Michael Angelo. After the company had contemplated it a long time admiringly, a second statue standing near was unveiled,—a work of antique art. The two were now compared, and every one was ashamed of having rated so high the work of the Florentine. The antique was yet covered with traces of the earth, in which it had lain; but it seemed to be instinct with life, while the other was only a lifeless stone. Then, however the observers were assured that Michael Angelo had urgently prayed the princess never to show his work except in connection with the Grecian one, and, in truth, after this unusual manner, in order that connoisseurs might judge how far the ancient art surpassed the modern.

ART AND SCIENCE.

A very lively writer in the London *Art Journal* makes a vigorous onset upon certain views which seem to favor the intrusion of Science into the domain of Art. We apprehend that the writer mistakes the position of the Scientists or Positivists, however they may be termed, and that what he so eloquently urges in favor of the due subordination of details will meet with no gainsaying from their ranks. The positive spirit must not be confounded with the matter-of-fact spirit or no-spirit, as it may better be termed. But hear our essayist:

My own ideas of Art much differing from others now frequently put forth (else it were superfluous